



Chick Licks

Chick Licks

Chick Licks

Chick Licks

Chick Licks





# A Butch in Heat



As Marlene, the lovely short-haired blonde in this set, is a sweet bundle of very feminine charm and delicacy. Men chase her and two have tried, for awhile, to stay married to her. Why couldn't they?

She answered, caressing her playmate. "Because, although I enjoy sex with a man — even most of the time — there's a sort of commitment that builds up and I get increasingly bitchy if I know 'Marty' wants out and I fight her, but she comes out with a bang. It's a thing that just takes over and, uh, god, I feel hot and heavy and rough enough to knock the shit out of any man who gets on my case. I just say the hell with everything, her band, job, boyfriend, and gettin' gay but what Marty wants, Marty has to have."



"Umm...and am I ever glad!" responded Asta, the girl in our photos with pictures and wearing red stockings, pushing her sultry lips into Marti's passyphine.

Marti murmured something about "doing it right" and brought out a flesh pink replica of a penis, one about eighteen in her long. She inserted one end into her vagina and Asta, after a second's hesitation, began sucking on the other end. Marti closed his eyes, obviously savoring the sensations, and said as "It feels like part of me. I feel very masculine right now...very good. I have all these marvelous sensations of power—being aggressive enough to make her get down and suck my cock. I imagine I've got a pair of hairy balls churning up a storm of gloop to spill down her pretty throat."

That vision seemed to rouse Asta to suck harder, as though she could make it come true—"Do me the other way..." she moaned.

"Okay," said Marti, "just because I love you, baby."

Asta knelt in front of him and Marti tentatively inserted their shared tool in Asta's mouthhole—"Fucking's the greatest sex!" Marti explained. "Being a woman myself, I know it just takes little strokes to feel good. And, of course, I'm over so conscious that this big thing'd tear her up if I got wild and stuck it in too deep."

Turning to Marti's TLC (Tender Loving Cock), Asta said, "That's what's so good about getting it from another girl—she knows what feels good."

The pungent odors of two very sensually aroused young women now wafted about the room, seemingly increasing with each stroke. The girls laughed as Asta's lips clung to the shaft, made sharper, sucking popping sounds.







"Oh... I'm getting worked up enough that it's getting dangerous," said Marci. "Besides I'm feeling a little 'stressed' right now."

Astre said, "I'm so glad I met that."

Both Astre and Marci sat on the floor. Marci stood over her and Astre's pink, spandex bikini tucked up into the soft playground between them. Mar-



ci observed, "The nice thing about making it with another gal is that there are no rules or rules you switch around and you do a little of everything. Right now my girl's very sensitive and getting it from daddy."

After a good talking Astre asked, "Can we do vibrators now?"

"Sure love," agreed Marci.



The girls sat side by side. Astre had a blue vibrator — a handle — a thin red piping down to an oval tip clearly designed to fit a girl's buttocks. Marci had a more conventionally designed white one. With loving looks and gentle kisses, the girls worked their toys on — and into — themselves.

"My sisters," Marci explained, "hadn't done — double fucking — a couple of sessions we picked up. We love being girls, being fucked, but there's this sex thing going on between us too."

that our lovers can't share. It's weird and wild and wonderful!"

"Have you tried it with guys instead of vibrators?"

Astra laughed, and admitted, "We've shared each other, but neither of us can work up the taste or the situation or whatever to doing it off. Twice now we've picked up guys and pret-



ised ourselves, we finally ask but neither of us could quite put it into words — you know, suggesting that we all go to bed."

"What?" we asked, "not even rough stuff? Yum?"

Mother almost blushed. "No, damn it, I can feel all cocky and masculine, but I still can't do that, damn it! At least I haven't yet. I'm working up to it."

She did and a good time was had by all. The girls agreed enthusiastically, that actually having good live cocks in the ass beats vibration all to hell and back.

"I came," Marlene said, "even harder than I ever did with either of my husbands or better than my second base mounting to other girl with my wife. Really stiff."

Both girls looked radiantly lovely as they knew.









# **Swinging Lotus Blossom**



Until Tracy came into his life, Shaw felt there was something wrong, but had no idea what it was or what to do about it.

We had arranged to meet the girls on the beach near Tracy's house. It was where the girls had first met each other. From a comment about the beauty of the sea gulls wheeling overhead, crying to one another, the girls had snuggled together along the



beach. One, they can't recall which, now, shyly wondered which were the boy sea gulls and which were girl sea gulls. The question was answered, "Does it make any difference?" and their gossips seemed to mingle and weld with new meaning. "Sometimes yes, sometimes no." And they continued walking, closer, the backs of their heads touching, then the heads looking. They waded out into the surf and splashed each other with foam. They walked back up the sand to swing, and swing side by side, not saying much, but their gossips catching and holding more and more frequently.

The pulse of her hand slid slowly strongly down over Shaw's curvy young body dimple, they were again sitting on the swing, regarding far out across, what had happened that day.





"I wanted her," Tracey purrs. "I'd never made it with just one girl before, never even been that casual, so I wasn't sure how she'd react. That made it interesting; most of the girls out here know what's happening when another girl starts coming on with compliments and giving her the eye. They'll either tell you, 'Sorry, honey, you're not my type,' or they'll cozy a bit and say, 'But you've got a pad ready where we can get it on, haven't you darlin'?' and off we go. Sometimes we even guess the way they'll say, oh, for example, 'I just like making passes,

though I won't go down on you' or whatever little details they think important. Anyhow, I'd let my bodies. She had never killed another girl, so I was careful. I just said I had a house nearby and why not have her in together?"



"I didn't know what I was getting into," she said, kissing Tracy's cheek. "But I didn't know how to say no, she was so nice. When we got to the house, she made a pass at me, you know, running her hands over my body and saying we would be more comfortable out of our clothes. I guess I knew right then we would have sex. I didn't have any real feeling about it. Then she took down my shorts and kissed my ass and I felt, 'Hey, what is that? I am feeling kind of triple and excited.' And I wanted to kiss her tits. Such an idea, never could it have occurred to me, not any other way. No, not at all."



The girls laughed at the erotic visualization, and, as though by silent, instant agreement, led us to Tracey's house for a re-enactment of what she happened that day.

"I began to get really hot," she said. "When we were naked standing together, I was, and playing with glasses. With a man, well, he just lies me on the bed and sticks his thing into me and gets all wet and excited and breathing and when you're and gets soft. It is not big deal. Some times I throw my head around and





smoother. 'Um... babe... you're... the... greatest.' or like that. Once in awhile I feel a faint sort of... um... ah... but I don't know what it is or even if it is really there. But now... with Tracey... oh... I am al ready... reaching... more... than... that... and want to kiss her... I don't know where... I can't think... of... that.'

'But I showed you, darling,' said Tracey, now nibbling one of Shira's toes, now paying homage to the other toe, sliding down her taut, brown body, and licking her belly button and then down further, into her sex and pushing the fine pink folds inserting her tongue at the now plumping wet channel.

Shira gave a spasm of joy and the girls separated to lay side by side.

Up bed to sixty-one

They fit together with the practiced ease of men and women players in familiar chores of love, a childless couple.

Shira was the first to give a moan of satisfaction as her hands quivered in ecstasy. 'Doing it in front of you?' she said. 'It's pretty sexy - Tracey's usually the one who comes first.'

Tracey gave a swooning, high-peaked wail of delight and her legs bucked. A close look showed the lips of her pussy quivering as though to melt Shira's tongue.

Happy and fulfilled, the girls separated to lay side by side.

'I never get that from a man,' said Shira. 'I didn't know what it meant to come. Now I know.'







# WINING DOWN



What we have here is a pair of beautiful blondes who look to men for love, but to each other for sexual satisfaction.

That, alone, isn't unique, but what is unique is these girls' total acceptance of what they're doing and why.

Skye, you'll recognize her in our photos by her white shoes, large round wrist watch and, in some photos, by her long gown, told us, "With men, there's no concept of tender concern any more."

Valda agreed, saying, "When Skye and I are together, it's like a classic seduction from a French novel: we have wine; we do; we have soft music. We're doing a power play that, and now, has had us as the only audience."

"Tonight," said Skye, "we'll share it with you."

"Find the wine," announced Valda. "Rare vintage - Hennessy Cordon Bleu."

She panted, and licking arms, looking sensually into each other's eyes, eyes glistening with seductive highlights, then drank to "Sex, sex and more sex!"

"Not just," according to Skye, "we want talk of events of the day - of ships, of ships, of colognes and kings."

They uncorked the Polish wine, gave the mid-mast as the reference, speculated on the budget and the stock market. All the while, nibbling, sipping glasses, and such gestures as holding a lot and gently massaging the cleft between thumb and forefinger.

They were quite serious really, until Valda, commenting on the stock market, whispered, "Have you heard, love, Targus is going up?"

They cracked up, possibly because the wine was now half gone.

Skye, recovering, sent them into new gales of laughter by saying, "Ah, but Confidential Screen, my sweet, is going down."

"Speaking of going down...."

Yvonne moaned, nipping her ear, breathing heavily into it.

"We've fooled around quite enough."

With sessions over, but increasing speed as need reduced demands, they undressed one another.

Open mouthed kisses replaced loving pocks.

Light fingered touches of affection became fingering of quite another sort, with digits disappearing into one another's peak, fingers to wag and wiggle and stroke.







Sprawled on the bed, Vakla on top, they brushed, then buckled, pussy to pussy for awhile. The harder breathing and drooping wet noses told us, clearly, things had gone beyond their limits.

There was a long, open-mouthed kiss of mutual tongue sucking that put hollows in first one's cheeks, then the other, and when it broke they were both panting as though they were athletes and then... we knew it must. It happened. Vakla's sweet dive her open mouth for probing tongue giving Skye the ultimate thrill of being eaten. She came, her box writhing up to Vakla's tongue as it would have to a penetrating peak. Rap-

ping faster and faster and then the sharp intake of breath and the string of curses, harsh, then falsetto, told it all and she limply dropped back onto Her bed.

Vakla wanted Skye, petting her, telling her she was beautiful, how much she needed her, and then, knowing she was welcome, at even Skye's face to be given the fair trade sex.

Glancing our way, Vakla told us, casually, "She does me so good! She's kind of sucking my clit in between her teeth right now and pressing it against the roof of her mouth with her tongue holding it there, massaging it... almost so good!"

She turned her attention back

to Skye, and, a moment later, gave a hoarse, sharp cry that undulated as she was carried from start to finish of what must have been a delightful orgasm.

In the afterglow, they discussed boyfriends. Each was talking two or three, we gathered, sort of shopping for the best mate material, or patrimonial, arrangement available. It was, they said, the way of life that wedding ring or not, for the foreseeable future, they expected their only real sexual happiness to come from nights like this.

They finished the wine, dressed, and went their separate ways.

Some girls are like that.







# Fur In Love

Ridicule destroys a woman's love. The men in Jessie's life couldn't understand her compulsion to touch fur while making love and made fun of her for it. She knew, of course, that all men aren't necessarily that insensitive, but she just got burned over too often and switched to girls.

Klein had lover of the moment, and "We're all a little kinky in some way. Sometimes, it's so small it doesn't matter. I don't think most of us can explain it or that it has to be explained." Her hand wandered up Klein's thigh and rested in the hair at her crotch. "She could insist on having a fury bunny



in bed with us and I wouldn't care a bit."

Klein, in most of our photos wears a long-sleeved blazer. She said that was kind of a "thing" of hers—not to be totally made while making love, not though as important to her as for a to her.

The girls touched each other, hand gliding over smooth curves in languid, sensuous strokes, gradually shifting focus for the inevitable culminating. Their frenzied breathing and murmurings and moans of pleasure led to it—an almost fluid motion of blending in which Jessie lay on her back and Klein rolled over her face.

And, as Jessie began to look Klein's spread cunt, Klein bent all the way forward 'till her head was above Jessie's crotch and she too, began licking pale pink, glistening wet, feminine folds.

Only then did we really realize that Jessie's fur piece was positioned so that her feet could touch it, nuzzle it at.

We marvelled that such an innocent, unobtrusive element could have led to problems with men. But Jessie'd assured us that was, indeed, true. They'd noticed it, she said, and asked her why and when she spoke honestly said she didn't know why, except it felt good, and she had to have it to have an orgasm, they'd called her kinky and freaky or played Freud and gave her these interpretations, that the only thing she could really love was a hot dog and by touching fur, she was really having sex with it. Or that it represented a papa and she wanted sex with another girl. Another thought it meant she really felt sex was something only for animals and by touching fur, became one, and thus liberated to enjoy sex. One day last said that what he was thinking here to her he didn't want to be competing with an cat sniff for her attention and pressed lighter

had on it and leaned her "boob" in the yard. One called it her "fat boy" and thought it a great joke to hide it from her and then round her she couldn't get off without her boy. It was pretty jealousy that she had to have something in addition to them to feel fulfilled sexually. It was a bringdown that they were not enough alone, no, she had to have the help of her boy, and it aggravated them. It angered them even more that she neither could explain the attraction nor felt it necessary to consult "one of them head doctors" to have her find out why she needed the touch of her for satisfying sex. "It's the way I am," said Jessie. Knowing why wouldn't change it. "Maybe I don't even want to know why. I just want to when I'm fucking — why does it have to be a big deal to them?"

Watching the girls enjoying each other to the fullest, we can easily sympathize with Kensi's attitude toward it.

A chorus of deep moans and groans told us the girls had satisfied one another.





We asked, "Kara, we know a bit about June's feelings about and toward men, but how about you?"

She frowned, obviously not liking the question, but replied, "I used to say I was bi. I don't bother anymore. The idea of a man's penis being stuck up to me isn't in the brain appealing."

"Where you always . . . ?"

"No," she snapped. "Not always. I was raped by a close relative when I was twelve. I decided my cherry was gone, so I'd fuck around. I got the reputation of being an easy lay and one day, realizing I was giving but getting nothing." She snapped her fingers. "Pop — no more. I started off on men. I get cockier and cockier about girls."